

USE IT NEWS AND STAGE DOOR CHAT

'Bill' Farnum Loves to Play Heroic Parts

William Farnum should have been born away back in the days when knighthood was in flower. Such good looks as his are wasted on mere modern civilization. The thought was involuntary as he came clanking forward with high boots, spurs and the black and gold braided glory of Don Cesar de Bazan. And when he bowed and waved his plumed beaver hat one could not help feeling sorry that the days of leisured courtliness given place to an era of "How'd ye do?" "Hello!" and "So long" synopsations.

"Now call me—am I interviewing Don Cesar or William Farnum?" one inquired of the gallant gentleman who stopped making pictures of Dumas's hero at the Fox Film studios long enough to give an interview.

"You are looking at me for the first and last time," he said, with a magnificent air. "I am about to be married. Behold my bride!"

He waved the plumed hat in the direction of a lovely lady done up in



William Farnum

white satin. In the background hovered a mantilla-ed mamma and some swash-buckling Spaniards.

"Then," he lowered his voice—"I am supposed to die. I am marrying so that I may be shot, instead of hanged. It will all be over in two hours."

That was as far as Don Cesar went. The famous Farnum smile broke loose, and William the actor continued:

"How I revel in those old stories of chivalry and romance! I read the book that we are now picturing dozens and dozens of times when I was a boy. And no modern scenario, however satisfactory, equals the classics. What is good in one age is good in another. The up-to-date scenario is an ephemeral affair. I love the jousting, the duelling, the romantic color, the costumes, of the Middle Ages. And, do you know, I think the public wants this sort of picture more and more."

"Is it any wonder that there is gunplay in many of my pictures?" he asked. "I knew how to shoot when I was five years old and I'm afraid I'm still the best shot in the business. In some of my pictures I have literally played to the boyhood of the country. Of course, I have liked making my classical pictures best of all, especially the 'Tale of Two Cities' and 'Les Miserables.'"

The handsome, splendidly moulded Farnum then proceeded to decry the necessity for good looks in the moving picture actor. He believes that for women they are highly important, but that in the case of men they don't contribute materially to success. It is the all-essential gray matter that counts on the screen, as everywhere else in life, he believes.

"Concentration!" he exclaimed. "It sounds bromidic, but it's true. So many people imagine that all one has to do to be a successful movie actor is to look like a Greek god and strut around. I find that the screen calls for as much dramatic ability as certainly for more endurance than the legitimate stage, and I have had ample experience of both. A man may make a hit in one picture, without having had any dramatic experience, but to be a sustained success a solid foundation is necessary. There is something dreadful for one who likes the open air, as I do, during the shooting, to be cooped up inside making pictures, but with music and other devices we try to create the atmosphere of the stage, and certainly there is an endless variety of theme and treatment."

Mr. Farnum prefers the heavier type of picture. He sees the pictureization of Shakespeare's plays not far distant and hopes to be among the pioneers to take the rôles on the screen that for years have been his on the stage. "Think of the possibilities of 'Hamlet!'" he said. "Personally, the villain's rôle has frequently been my favorite. I have never enjoyed anything more than being Shylock, and I think I may say I have done everything from 'The Gilded Fool' to 'At the Sign of the Cross.' It is hard to say how Shakespeare would go in pictures. If we dressed up the 'highly' pictures were being forced upon them. It seems to me that people want a different kind of picture now. The 'stunt' for its own sake is passé. The cause behind the picture is the moral, if you like—is looked for."

Mr. Farnum's personal experiences have been sufficiently exciting to furnish a good basis for a scenario. To quote himself, he has alternately starved and rolled in luxury, been stranded and feted. And he has steadily burned the midnight oil, for occasions not only to him without labor and study. When he started to act he got \$20 a week and was supposed to furnish his costumes out of that. For years he was leading man in a stock company in New Orleans and later in Buffalo. "The Spoilers" was his first picture. He had not the remotest idea of going into pictures until Rex Beach told him that he would allow the story to be pictureized only on condition that Farnum played in it. Everything went so well that now—

But that is another story and a well known one!

If you want to get Mr. Farnum really kindled, talk fish to him. It is his major hobby. In a large, sunny room in his home at Sag Harbor, L. I., he has rare specimens of fish. Every one represents a separate struggle. Success on the screen is nothing to Mr. Farnum compared with the joy he derives from a tussle with a swordfish and final mastery. He is modest about his work, for he is modest and almost shy, but he boasts of the 298-pound swordfish he caught and the 1,800-pound hammerhead shark that he struggled for all one day and finally

Men's Clothes And Women's, By Beaucaire

If "Monsieur Beaucaire" affects the New Yorker as it did the Londoner the next sartorial agitation—and surely it's man's turn now—will be for plum-colored breeches, silken hose and lace ruffles. The London public fell so in love with the gallant gentleman's broad-clothed glory that the tailors actually displayed satin breeches and dressed mankind to come in and order.

And why not? asks Marion Green, who is not at all a lady, but quite a handsome young man. He cast his eyes around the dressing-room of the New Amsterdam Theater, let them linger on the marvelous coats of the gallant M. Beaucaire, and repeated his question.

"Well, for instance, there is the subway. Can you imagine satin breeches chasing after the subway?" one objected.

"Hardly!" he declared. "But a modification of the costume would be quite feasible for evening wear. Yes, and convenient, too. I know it's the dickens of a nuisance keeping my pants from bagging at the knee. There wouldn't be any trouble about it if one wore breeches. The entire costume is practically identical with the revival in modified form might also mean the revival of some of the qualities of gallantry that went along with it."

"Yes, and the romance of it—for the women."

"They would like it, wouldn't they?"

"Of course, they might get jealous if their husbands began to outvie them and then—it would add to the cost of living."

"Oh, can the cost of living be added to?" inquired Mr. Green with surprised look. "I thought it had gone the limit. But seriously, don't you think men's clothes are stupid, stiff and ugly? They are just about as inartistic and impractical as they can be and there's no way of telling the difference from a man's. Now, if modified Beaucaire clothes were adopted, men might luxuriate in soft collars, plum-colored breeches and easy, comfortable coats."

"Would you care to be a pioneer?"

The manly-looking chap in extremely conventional attire laughed and diverted his interviewer's attention by showing M. Beaucaire's stunning blue and gold coats.

"In Green is an American, although he has won his stage laurels in England and is now playing here for the first time. He was a concert singer and has sung all over America and in Europe. He was crossing to London about a year ago when a producer heard him sing. Almost immediately he was engaged to play in 'Monsieur Beaucaire.' He had to learn all about stagecraft in a matter of five weeks. As they say in the script of the play: 'You naughty rascal! You work quickly.'"

"It was quite a job," he laughingly agreed. Mr. Green. "One had to learn all sorts of things, from picking up a lady's glove and handing her a lace handkerchief with an air to fighting duels. But it has been an exhilarating experience. The play went wonderfully in London and we could have run on for another year and a half if we could have secured a roof to cover our heads."

"And since you are the protagonist of Beau Nash attire, what do you think of women's clothes?"

"Before I tell you I must enquire of the joys of being named Marion. My name is a source of endless confusion. Would you believe it, I get letters addressed to 'Miss Marion Green, Barytone?' And I ought to be well up on women's fashions. For the courtiers, modistes, or—what d'ye call 'em?—flood me with their catalogues and suggestions."

"Frankly, I think women will next be clothing themselves up to the eyes. They have just about taken everything off now and when they reach the limit the spirit has gone from their ravings. There will be a reaction. These things run in cycles. But I do think skirts are short and backs are low at present," modestly finished Mr. Green.

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Vie Quinn Says Shimmy Is a Heaven-Sent Gift And Can't Be Taught

Vie Quinn is so frail, apparently, that a puff of wind might be expected to blow her away. But start up the jazz and watch Vie dance! She did it at the Palace Theater last week and did it so well that even the most obstinate theatergoers gasped and pronounced her a hit. One of those overnight sensations. No one had heard much about her before.

"Here shimmy did the trick. It is a nice, polite shimmy and very hard to teach."

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"Vie" Quinn

do. And it's no use practicing shimmying, says Vie, for it's an inborn heaven-sent or whatever-you-like-to-call-it gift. Moreover, she adds that only one-half of the people who think they are doing it know how.

"And where did you learn?"

"I never really learned. I used to dance down at Long Beach just for my own amusement, and one night every one on the floor stopped dancing to watch my partner and me. Then I danced in the Winter Garden, the Palais Royal, the Colonial, where I made my first real hit, and then here. I would rather dance than do anything in the world."

"You see, I want to climb the ladder," she said. "Up, up, as far as I can go. It will be slow work, I have no doubt, but I do not intend to stand still. The dancer really stands as good a chance as any one of getting on."

Stars Appearing at the Leading Screen Theaters

Billie Burke
in
Wanted, A
Husband
Rialto

Hugene O'Brien in
The Broken Melody
Loew's New
York

Tom Moore in
Toby's Boy
Strand

Violet Heming and
Irving Cummings

Mabel Normand in
Everywoman
The Rivoli

Mabel Normand in
The Pink
Capitol

"I Could Die Dancing," Says Fair Valli Valli, Who Is "Miss Millions"

Let skirts taper in as they will, Valli Valli proposes to go her own sweet way and wear the kind of clothes she thinks becoming without kowtowing overmuch to Madame la Mode. It is noticeable in "Miss Millions," which opened at the Punch and Judy Theater last week, that her frocks are all full and short and astonishingly becoming. Incidentally, one of the charming features of this tunic and pretty musical comedy is the costuming of the girls. It is not at all the usual racy kind, but is sweet, simple and quaint.

"I think it is ridiculous to wear something merely because it is the fashion," she said when the soft, ruffy gown she wore as a simple country maid in the last act was commented on in her dressing room. "One is apt to look such a slight in ultra-fashionable things where no regard is paid to type. I am really very keen about pretty clothes and think women ought to give more or less scientific study to the subject. Full clothes are becoming to me, and I don't believe in wasp waisted effects or constriction."

As Miss Valli Valli is slim and girlish in figure and dances with extreme ease and grace, the bouffant effect is remarkably good in her case. She frankly admits the "simple country maid" business is quite misleading, for she has spent all her life in large cities and firmly believes she would languish and die if she had more than three months of the country at a time. But then what that spirited young lady, Miss Millions, finds she hasn't any millions at all she simply slips into pastures green and makes things hum on the farm. And whatever Miss Millions does Valli Valli must do, too, since they are one and the same person.

The dancing and singing of the versatile English actress in the new play are a treat, and especially her feminine part in George M. Cohan's songs, "If You'll Just Wait a Little While" and the "Letter Song."

As Valli Valli laughingly explained, it is as natural for her to sing and dance as it is to breathe. She has been on the stage since she was five years old and her enthusiasm for her work knows no abatement. Her reiterative name is quite bona fide. It is her own. And she was educated in London and Paris. Her first appearance on the stage was in London as a child actress. Later she was Nora in "The Holly Tree Inn," at Terry's Theater; Billy in "Ollivia," at the London Lyceum; Polly Love in "The Christian" and "Lily"; Binfield in "Kitty Grey," at the New Amsterdam, New York. Then came her engagement under the management of Charles Frohman in "The Dollar Princess," her big hit. This was followed by her appearance as Marga in "The Polish Wedding." Her more recent engagements include the prima donna rôle in "Queen of the Movies" and the leading feminine part in George M. Cohan's "Revue of 1916" at the Astor Theater. She has sung and danced four times at Windsor before King George.

Like most actresses in musical comedy, Miss Valli aspires to straight comedy, although she is very happy in her present work and thinks that a fair number of her theatrical ideals have been realized.

Royce took his beloved mistress's first night in "Miss Millions" with more unction than has been his custom in other productions. Royce is a glorious creature who mounts guard over Miss

Valli's dressing room door and raises the dickens of a noise when he doesn't like people. For those who don't know about him he is the son of a dog owned by the late Mayor Mitchell. So much has been said about Royce that he is really quite well known in the theatrical profession. Which is the advantage of being a well known person's dog!

Miss Valli is a rabid advocate of dancing for every one. She believes that it is highly necessary for the diffusion of grace and charm. Strange to say, she acted and sang long before she danced on the stage, at any rate, but now she prefers dancing to singing.

"I could die dancing," she declared, "and could be pulmotored back to life dancing, too. It brightens the mind. It quickens the intellect. I have discovered that the dance develops—indeed originates—various muscles, and that in the course of a hundred years or so a distinctive dance may have a pronounced effect on the habits and tastes of a people."

"I am so fond of dancing that when I am old I shall be unable to walk unostentatiously along the street. Something is sure to develop in the arches of my feet or in my limbs, for this sense of rhythm seems never to leave me."

Violet Heming Compiles Glossary of the Slang Used in Movie Studios

Here is a glossary of some of the motion picture studio slang as compiled by Violet Heming, who plays the lead in "Everywoman" at the Rivoli this week, and is now working for the Famous Players Corporation on a film version of "The Cost," by David Graham Phillips:

Location: Out of location—Taking scenes some place other than the studio floor.

Gumming up the parade—Getting in the way of the camera.

Dress a set—Fixing up the details, such as hanging curtains, laying rugs, fixing articles on a table, etc.

Hit So-and-So in the face with that mirror—Turn the mirror so that it will reflect light on the person's face.

Flood the spot—Open the spotlight wide.

Flood them with lights—Put strong lights all over persons in set.

Hogging the camera—Some one who always looks in the camera and wants to be prominent in every scene.

Frame—Order to projection machine operator to focus a scene on the screen—scene is not on screen in right position.

Clear—Everybody off the set.

Hold your lights—Don't turn them off.

Atmosphere—Same as supers on stage. Persons who just stand around, etc. for general result.

Cut—Word used to notify camera man to end a scene or quit turning the crank.

Kill that baby—Turn off the small spotlight.

Cut back—Term used in cutting when wanting to continue a scene which was previously shown.

Knock that nigger down—Take down black shield used to protect camera from glare of lights.

Cooking negative—Overdeveloping.

Soup—Developer.

Fade out—Gradual dimming out of scene.

Can't get juice—No electricity.

Carbide froze—Light dead.

Hook up—Plug in the Cooper-Hewitts.

Footage—Order of camera man to his assistant to measure for long shots, close-ups, etc.

Long shot—30 or 50 feet from camera.

Close-up—Five feet or so from camera.

Medium—Half way between long shot and close-up.

Take 'em away—Turn out the lights.

Slap these together—Film cutter's slang for splicing scenes (putting scenes together).

Duping—Making a negative from a print.

Location scout—The man sent out to obtain the use of buildings, boats, parks, etc. for pictures.

Hit 'em—Turn on the lights.

Let's go—Order of director to camera man and actors to start the picture.

Start your action—Director's order to actors to begin moving for the picture.

Set dead—All of the scenes have been taken and the set can be torn down.

That's a strike—The set may be torn down.

Still—A plain photograph—stationary objects—as contrasted with a moving picture.

Tap it—Camera man's order to measure distance from players to camera.

Let's have some stock—Camera man uses this when he wants his assistant to get more film.

Load up—Put more film into the camera.

Getting any static?—Static is electrical current that exposes on film in streaks.

On the set—In the set, "set" being term used to indicate the room, house, cabaret, etc., built in the studio for the picture.

Grinding—"Who are you grinding?" Grinding means turning the camera crank, and one camera man asks this question of another when he wants to know what star is in his picture.

Turn on the sun—Want some light, chiefly sunlight arc.

Shoot—Take the picture.

Furniture Hawk—Property man.

Grips—Men who tear down the sets (use this on the stage, too).

Slap that desk—One property man tells another to place a piece of furniture in a certain position.

You've got a holiday—Holiday means a spot uncovered by paint.

Rattle your hock—Hurry up (used on West Coast chiefly).

Double exposure—Trick of camera in making one person appear in the scene at the same time in different action, etc.

Strike that set—Tear down a set.

Shooting a scene—Used synonymously with taking a scene. Speak of a director as "shooting" such and such a star out on the set or location. One camera man asks another who he is shooting, meaning what star he is photographing.

Patching—Putting scenes together.



Ethel Barrymore and Charles Stevenson

Hobbies Suit Cecil Better Than Hubbies

There are a few things about Cecil Cunningham that are different—no different that there isn't any forgetting the lady once you have met her. (Yes, Cecil is feminine this time.) For instance, she can be funny about anything, and when she is funny she is warm, droll, and ginger into ten minutes' conversation than some people get rid of in a lifetime. All this and a whole lot more was learned over the table at the Claridge, while Cecil drank coffee amiably, bemused the world's lack of lyricism and humorously sketched her career of ups and downs.

And as for her views on matrimony! They came with startling emphasis and decision. In "The Rose of China" at the Lyric Theater she is an Amazonian person who pursues a man all the way to the land of Cathay and openly declares that the only women with good husbands are widows. But, speaking for Cecil Cunningham and not for the Rose of China, she said:

"I think the fundamental requirement of matrimony is selfishness. Women are not unselfish. Men are not unselfish. What can one do about it? Love is sacrifice. Where do you find it? It ain't the best thing a woman can have in life in her life. I have never come across a man who could be a hobby and a hubby, too. It's the woman's fault, just as much as the man's."

Miss Cunningham is given to epigram. What she doesn't tell in words she effectively conveys in gestures and expression. She has red hair, the warm curling kind, and eyes—well, any one who has seen her roll them in "The Greenwich Village Follies" will remember. Her voice is rich in inflection and her enunciation is extraordinarily good. She has a wholly irrepressible sense of humor. And to reduce the experience of the tall, stunning Rose of China to a sentence, she is well seasoned, on the boards, having had a round of church choir, chorus, vaudeville, operetta, straight musical comedy and grand opera. Her greatest desire now is to play straight comedy without the aid of music. She doesn't believe that one big hit is enough to establish any one. In other words, her motto is: Keep on going.

"Oh! for more Gilbertian operettas!" she sighed when asked what she thought the public really wanted. "The poor public. It must take what is inflicted on it. Usually it likes a good musical show better than anything else—not too highbrow, but tenuous and enduring. There is such a dearth of good lyrics. It is either a case of fitting words to a tune or hastily composing a tune to suit the words. Such a thing as collaboration between musician and poet, that their compositions may dovetail, is rare."

Personally Miss Cunningham gives all her songs an individualistic turn. It is inconceivable that a manager could ever be quite sure what this purposeful young woman might spring on him. Many of the songs she sings have been written specially for her and are done in a wholly original and spontaneous way. She likes contrasts. For instance, one of her favorite acts in vaudeville is to sing a song like "Annie Laurie" just as daintily and beautifully as she knows how, and then to do a travesty of it in the vein of the cabaret singer. She is quick as a flash to seize an opportunity and does an original burlesque without any forethought.

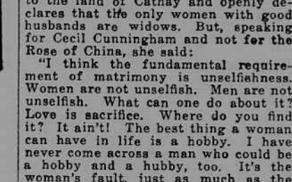
"The whole thing is knowing the temper of one's audience," declared Miss Cunningham. "And you do learn all about that in vaudeville. I don't know of any experience, really, that is more valuable than a term on the circuit. I have made it a practice on the first day out to see the act immediately preceding mine so that I could readjust my performance to get an immediate response from my audience."

It was really her fine enunciation as much as anything else that started Miss Cunningham on her theatrical way. Erlanger, who is a martinet on the subject, heard her read lines from "The Pink Lady." He liked her voice. Every intonation was clear and carrying. But the part called for a violin selection.

"Can you play the violin?" asked Mr. Erlanger.

"No, but I'll learn how," was the retort.

And she did—that is to say, she



Cecil Cunningham

mastered the one tune that was necessary. She played it for thirty-five weeks and that is all she learned or ever expects to learn about the violin. She was the original Pink Lady "on the road." Then she appeared in Henry Savage's play, "Somewhere Else," and after that in the musical "I'll Say" and in "The Maid of Athens." She made a big hit in the title rôle of "Iolanthe" at the Casino. When war broke out she was in Paris with the Boston Grand Opera Company. She sang in "Parsifal" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and other Italian operas. When the war abruptly ended the operatic tour she came back to America and spent a season in the Winter Garden, another in vaudeville and finally joined "The Greenwich Village Follies." Before coming to New York she sang in a church choir in St. Louis.

Actress Likes To Make 'Em Laugh and Cry

Effie Ellsler believes with Joe Jefferson that a mingling of laughter and tears is the best fare for the theater-going public because it is true to life. Personally, she likes comedy and thinks it her forte, but providence, in the form of the theatrical manager, has assiduously thrust her into sentimental parts and made her wring tears from the audiences strung along the path of her extended career. She was Angie in "Old Lady 31" and has taken a number of elderly parts, but never any that appealed to her more than the mother in "The Phantom Legion," which opened at The Playhouse last week.

"I am not a spiritualist in any sense of the word," she said in discussing the play, "but I do believe there is comfort for the bereaved in 'The Phantom Legion.' People need to get rid



Effie Ellsler

of the idea that the boys killed in the war are really gone. And the coming of the spirits of the three dead boys to their mother is meant to prove that death does not separate people. I don't believe Americans were ever more interested in spiritualism than they are at present, and while there is nothing morbid or occult about this play, it teaches a wholesome lesson. To some extent it recalls the story of the angels of Mons."

Miss Ellsler, who is an extremely practical and wide-awake woman, thinks there is plenty of laughter on the New York stage this season and that a little weeping won't hurt at all. "It isn't that we are forgetting the war, by any means," she said. "But we are more like the French than any other race—ready to laugh and to cry one and the same time. We do indulge in morbid things, but we do indulge in sentiment."

"And you think people want to be reminded of the war?"

"Not at all. But this deals with the aftermath, and you must remember that there will be a good many sorrowing mothers this Christmas. Personally, I was glad to be given the part, because I hope I may be able to give some real comfort where it is needed. What one feels about it is summed up in this quatraine, which is really the underlying theme of the play:

And through some mooned valleys there
Battalions and battalions scoured from hell
The legions who that war was youth,
The legions who have suffered and are dead.

"It will help us to remember and take stock."

Miss Ellsler comes of a theatrical family. She is frequently mistaken for her mother, the elder Effie Ellsler. Her father was a well known manager and her mother was both actress and manager. The histrionic strain in her dates much further back than that. She is quite small, and it was her height that first gave her the idea of being a picture actress for five or six years she studied for her on the stage was in comedy. But it finally transpired that the portrayal of mother love was to be her forte. After doing comedy successfully for five or six years she studied this out. She was a great success as Angie, and off and on she has been playing emotional rôles for years. She still feels that she has a lot to learn. "Self-satisfaction is the only real progress," she declared. "I'm tremendously enthusiastic about the stage and thrive in its atmosphere. I don't really think histrionic ability runs in families, except in very rare instances. 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